

INTEGRAL[®] Yoga

Personal Experiences Issue

SPECIAL FEATURES

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Integral Yoga and You

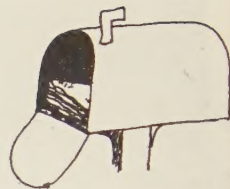
INTEGRAL YOGA Magazine is the official organ of the Integral Yoga Institutes, Groups, Teaching Centers and Satchidananda Ashrams. These centers are vehicles through which Sri Swami Satchidanandaji's teachings of Integral Yoga are lived and shared. The centers conduct on-going programs of instruction in the various aspects of Yoga, including Hatha, Raja, Karma, Bhakti and Jnana Yogas (see back cover), as well as Yogic diet and other related topics. There are open classes, courses, universal worship services, and retreats, both for beginners and more advanced students. Those interested are invited to call or visit the centers, and a live-in program is also possible.

Besides their teaching function, the Ashrams also provide an opportunity for an experiment in total Yogic living. The Ashram in Pomfret Center, Connecticut has a printing press, health clinic, national audio-video service, natural foods store, a 2-acre organic garden, Yogic nursery school, and a number of cottage industries where members practice selfless service. There are now similar Ashrams in Santa Barbara, California and Eureka Springs, Arkansas as well.

For more information, to arrange a Yoga program for any group, or to be put on our mailing list, please feel free to contact any of the centers listed on the inside front cover. We are here to serve you.

OM SHANTHI OM PEACE

Letters



from a kindergarten teacher...

I pledged the enclosed donation at the School Meeting on May 29. It was one of the most uplifting, heartfilling experiences of my life. I think the idea of your Ashram - the way you all lead your lives - and your present and future schools are heaven sent. Thanks, thanks, heartfelt thanks for working so joyfully and diligently at being human; it has made me more so... M.Z., Chicopee, Ma.

from a student...

I'm reading and re-reading Swami-ji's new book *Beyond Words*. I was starting to feel like there was nothing I could read or hear that would strike me deep and hard. How wrong I was! In reading this book many a cord was plucked and I feel myself coming into "accord."

J.H., New York

from an artist in France...

I'm working in the communication arts: advertising, illustration and automation film. Your books on Integral Yoga, your biography and *Beyond Words* have been read and re-read by me time and again. They've been a great source of visual images for my work - and in time I hope your ideas can be put to mass media for greater public understanding of what our future will be when peace can be a part of everyone's life.

M.J., Paris

from a couple of "golden-agers"...

My husband and I are two senior citizens interested in your Spring Newsletter just received. We have a smattering of Yoga knowledge and would like to know more. We would like to participate in one of your weekend programs. Mr. B. is 83 and I am 76. Please advise.

Mrs. A.B., Somerset, Ma.

from a Wisdom Offering donor who sends in a portion of her income each month to help us print books of Sri Gurudev's teachings...

Thank you so much for sending me the beautiful Sri Guru Gita booklet and for mentioning me as one of the helpers in its publication. These inspirational messages and Sri Gurudev are my guiding lights and it feels marvelous to be a part, however minuscule, of the process. C.L., San Mateo, Ca.

from a Canadian painter...

A widowed friend of mine was interested in the IYI and asked me to speak to a group of widows, all in various stages of grief - the kind of thing many doctors treat with tranquilizers and other drugs. I didn't think I was an especially good representative of Yoga, but anyway, off I went to find myself the only woman with a husband alive in a room full of married women.

The mood seemed to indicate enough interest that most of the women got down on the floor at my suggestion for a session of Yogic deep relaxation. It is absolutely my very favorite aspect of Yoga - I love it so much myself and want others to experience that release

(Continued on Page 20)

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Sri Swami Satchidananda

SRI SWAMI SATCHIDANANDA is a master of Yoga, a world spiritual teacher, and Guru of the students of Integral Yoga. He is dedicated to the ecumenical movement, his motto being "Truth is One, paths are many." His main residences are in Pomfret Center, Connecticut during summer and Santa Barbara, California in the winter. He also travels widely, sharing with people through every possible medium: lectures, conferences, radio, TV and newspaper interviews, books and visits to schools, seminaries, rehabilitation centers and many other groups.

Some Unseen Hand Molded Me

Sri Swami Satchidananda

People sometimes question Gurudev about his own personal spiritual experiences. Very often Gurudev steers his answer into a more general vein, presumably because he feels it will be more useful for his students' spiritual growth to hear about the Path and the Goal in general rather than one man's experiences. But on one particular evening recently, at an Ashram satsang, Sri Gurudev answered the following to this question:

DEVOTEE: I've been wanting to ask this question for a long time. What was the moment in your own life which triggered your spiritual realization?

Oh boy! It's really difficult for me to put my finger on one moment and say *this* is the one that triggered it. I am really honest in saying this. It's not that I don't want to. I find it hard, because something must have happened to me in my previous birth itself. I have even wondered what it was that really triggered me. What literally "turned me off" (or should I say "on"?).

Somehow, from the very childhood I didn't seem to be especially interested in any one thing. Everything seemed to be a fun for me. Nothing really affected me. I faced a lot of normal life: so-called profit and loss, pleasure and pain. I did a lot of business and got involved in many things: had many friends, went to school, and this and that. But even in the family life, it all just happened. Things just came and went. When it came I said, "Okay, fine."

If you have read my biography, when I was a little kid and accidentally broke something precious to my father, he was scolding me, and in a way I teased him. I said, "Okay, Dad, let's sit near the glass pieces and cry a little. Let us see whether they will come back together. You ask me why I don't seem upset over it. What is the use of crying? It broke, all right, it was my carelessness. I should have been a little more careful. But crying is not going to bring it back to us." All he could do was to call my mother and say, "Look at this Vedanti! (follower of the school of thought that all



is one Consciousness and that all divisions are illusory). And do you know what she said? "You read it, but *he* acts it."

Yes. Sometimes people assume that at the time of my wife's death I changed totally. But it is not really so. Even before her death I used to imagine it. I would be returning home from my workshop on my motorcycle and the thought would come, "I left home in the morning, so many hours back. Suppose I arrive there to see my wife dead? How would I feel? What would I do? Well, if that is the Will of God, how can you stop it?" Then I would think, "Ah, don't think such things. I don't think such a thing will happen now." I would dismiss it. But the ideas would come by themselves. I used to laugh at them. "Why these kind of crazy ideas? She's hale and healthy. Why should I think of her dying?"

But one day it really happened. And I was prepared for that. So, either the experiences in previous lives or some Unseen Hand was molding me for everything. To this very minute I tell you I have nev-

er planned anything. Things came and went away. People came and went away. Organizations came and went away. I was not excited when they came. I was not depressed when they went away. It's really a sort of mystery to me. The only reason I could think of is that I must have done something before. It's not to my credit that I have learned something. No, it's not possible to learn that way. In the Tamil language they say, "What you left there, you touch now." There's no other reason I could think of.

But of course, in the normal way I show some joy when I get something or meet some new people or when somebody goes I feel a little sad, but it really doesn't affect me deeply. When you watch a movie you cry and laugh, but it doesn't *really* affect you. It's exactly like that. Yes. The whole thing is a movie for me.

And I cannot take credit for this. I cannot say, "Oh, I contemplated a lot and did a lot of meditation." I must have done it a long time before. Truly speaking, I am not doing anything now. I may

ask you to get up early and meditate, do asanas, pranayama, but don't ask me, "How much time do you spend meditating?" I don't know whether I'm really doing any of what you would normally call practice anymore. If I like, I may sit and meditate for hours. The whole night I may be meditating. If I don't, I may sleep until ten o'clock. If I eat, I may eat three meals a day. If I don't, I may not eat for four or five days. It seems to be just happening. I just allow it to happen. So, it's really hard for me to answer your question by saying, "Ah, this incident opened my eyes to leave something behind and come into another life." No.

DEVOTEE: In your biography you say that you had a certain experience of enlightenment in Vashishta Cave. Is there a connection between that experience and what you're talking about now?

Yes. During those times I got certain experiences in special places. I could see and feel the great Divine vibrations. But that

doesn't mean that other times I wasn't experiencing anything at all. The experience gets magnified in certain places. Certain environments, certain atmospheres charged with Divine vibrations boost you up more. That is what I experienced in Vashishta Cave. I also had it in Jerusalem. In Thiruvanamalai I had it. In Palani, at Bogar's Samadhi I had it.* So, in a few places like that, because of the charged atmospheres of the places.

But at other times it is always there normally. True experience need not depend on a place. In the beginning it could be so. But after sometime you don't need to depend on a place or some thing or only by doing this or that you experience it. In the beginning it is all necessary. You have to do it. That's why I feel I might have really done years and years and years of practices in my previous birth.

* See Sri Gurudev's biography: Swami Satchidananda, A Biography, by Sita Weiner. Available through IY Publications and the Integral Yoga Institute.

"And being asked by the Pharisees when the Kingdom of God cometh he answered them and said: the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo, here, or there, for lo, the Kingdom of God is within you."

GOSPEL, ST. LUKE 17:20-21

*"By letting it go, it all gets done;
The world is won by those who let it go.
But when you try and try
The world is then beyond the winning."*

TAO TE CHING 48

How God Came Into My Life

Sri Swami Sivananda

It would be easy to dismiss the question by saying, "Yes, after a prolonged period of intense austerities and meditation, while I was living at Swarg Ashram, during which I had the *darshan* (vision) of a number of *maharishis* (sages) and their blessings, the Lord appeared to me in the form of Sri Krishna."

But that would not be the whole truth, nor a sufficient answer to a question relating to God, Who is infinite, unlimited and beyond the reach of the speech and mind.

Cosmic Consciousness is not an accident or chance. It is the summit, accessible by a thorny path that has steep, slippery steps. I have ascended them, step by step; but, at every step, I have experienced God coming into my life and lifting me easily to the next step.

My father was fond of ceremonial worship in which he was very regular. To my child mind, the image he worshipped was God; and I delighted in helping him by bringing flowers and other articles of worship. The deep inner satisfaction we derived from such worship implanted in my heart the deep conviction that God is in such images devoutly worshipped by His devotees. Thus did God come into my life first and place my foot on the first rung of the ladder.



As an adult, I learned fencing from a low caste man. I could go to him only for a few days before I was made to understand that it was unbecoming of a *brahmin* to play student to an untouchable. I thought deeply over the matter. I felt the God whom we worshipped in my father's shrine room had jumped over into the heart of this untouchable. He was my Guru, all right! So, I immediately went to him with flowers, sweets and clothes, and garlanded him and prostrated. Thus did God come into my life to remove the veil of caste-distinctions.

How very valuable this step was I could realize very soon after this, for I was to enter the medical profession and serve all, and the persistence of caste distinction would have made that service a mockery. With this mist cleared by the Light of God, it was very easy and natural for me to serve everyone. I took very keen delight in every kind of service connected with healing and the alleviation of human misery. Any knowledge about the prevention of disease, promotion of health and healing of diseases I was eager to acquire and share with all.

Then, God came into my life in the form of the sick in Malaya. I can look back upon this period as a single event in which God came to me in the form of the sick and suffering. To some people, life was lingering death; and to some, death was more welcome than life. Some led a miserable life, unable to face death; some invited death and committed suicide, unable to face life. The aspiration grew within me, that if God had not made this world merely as a hell where wicked people would be thrown to suffer, and if there

was - as I intuitively felt - something other than this misery and helpless existence, it should be known and experienced.

It was at this crucial point in my life that God came to me as a religious mendicant who gave me the first lessons in *vedanta*. The positive aspects of life here, and the real aim of human life, were made apparent. This drew me from Malaya to Himalaya. God came to me in the form of all consuming aspiration to realize Him as the Self of all.

Meditation and service went on apace; and with them came various spiritual experiences - till body, mind and intellect as the limiting adjuncts vanished and the whole universe shone in His Light. God then came in the form of this Light in which everything assumed a divine shape and pain and suffering that seemed to haunt everyone appeared to be a mirage, the illusion that ignorance creates, on account of low sensual appetites that lurk in man.

A noteworthy fact ought to be mentioned here. In this evolution, nothing gained previously is entirely discarded at any later stage. One coalesced into the next, and the Yoga of Synthesis (Integral Yoga) was the fruit. The effective and intelligent synthesis of form worship, selfless service of the sick, meditation, the cultivation of cosmic love that transcended the barriers of caste, creed and religion, with the ultimate aim of attaining Cosmic Consciousness was revealed. This knowledge had immediately to be shared. All this had become an integral part of my being.

Sarvam khalvidam Brahman - All this is indeed God and naught else.
Om shanthi shanthi shanthi.
Hari Om Tat Sat.

in his footsteps:

part 4



Madras: *The Land Of Lord Siva*

A pilgrimage to India
and Sri Lanka

by Prahaladana Mandelkorn

In His Presence

I'm meditating in my hotel room and I feel the presence of Lord Siva. First it is just His Feet which somehow seem to stretch out to infinity. As a child might look up at the stars in the night sky and realize how uncountable, how endless, they are, I looked up mentally at the infinity standing before me in a Madras hotel room. Then I wondered what the whole of Him might look like, and immediately He appeared. He was a working man, tall and gaunt, lanky and strong. Humble yet dignified, he was clothed casually in a white cloth wrapped around his waist. He had no beard, but the beginning of a day's growth slightly darkened His chin and upper lip. His eyes were deep set, long nose, yet still handsome. His head was wrapped in a white cloth turban - not shiny or snow white - a working man's off-white, darkened by the toil of the day and the dust of the world...

He identified Himself - though I don't think He *had* to - by a brilliant yellow light that seemed to be constantly whirling up from behind His back, over His right shoulder and curving across His forehead. Thus I saw Lord Siva, I think. I wasn't frightened by Him; I admired Him very much. He offered me a boon - I don't know why. And quite naturally - without thinking of anything like peace on earth or things like that, I asked for onepointedness of mind.

DEC 2: We tour Madras a little bit. It's beautiful, friendly, semi-tropical. Not so many beggars. Nice smiling people. We didn't see anyone smiling in Calcutta. We take a bus to the outskirts of town to the mother ashram of the Theosophical Society. It's a lovely, quiet park with a 500-year-old banyan tree spreading out in all directions. Its branches slowly bend to the ground and take root so that the tree is spread across a diameter of some forty yards.



Swami Sarvananda, Gurudev, Mr. Mahalingam and Mr. Bahirathan

This place is sort of like Mexico: semi-tropical plants, lizards and gila monsters, parrots and pineapples. Barefoot natives, pink stucco walls, dirt roads and open roadside banana stalls. And the odors: at once fragrant jasmine and tuberose mixed with dung and garbage. How can you forget this special smell of a South Indian city?

A Humble Servant

Dinner at Mr. Mahalingam's lovely, elegant Madras home that night. In his sitting room, an ecumenical message on the coffee table. On the walls, Hindu and Muslim art. A sumptuous meal - getting to know the Mahalingam family. He's a rare soul - wealthy and pious, generous and modest, humble and efficient. Throughout our travels in South India he hosted us, providing cars and drivers whenever necessary. Now he shows us some films of temples he has renovated including the famed Sri Ramalinga Swamigal temple to the Light in Vadalur that he refurbished and dedicated

for some \$83,000, as Gurudev explains. He's the Rockefeller of S. India, Gurudev has told us, at the same time his face shines with piety and love. This man employs and feeds literally thousands and thousands of people. Let that teach anyone who resents the rich.

He certainly fed us well. His family made the food with their own hands and served it to us. Gurudev asked us all to stand and introduce ourselves. He seemed to want to show the Indians that his Yoga students come from all walks of life and are in all the professions: law, medicine, journalism, education, scientific research... As he drew out these aspects of our backgrounds, I couldn't help but smile, thinking of other occasions just days before when he portrayed us as a bunch of reformed drug fiends - both equally true!

His Holy Family

We visit our first S. Indian temple. It's a Siva temple with

a huge granite fascade, probably a hundred feet high. The entire face is sculpted into gods and goddesses dancing, sitting, reclining, embracing - all different aspects of the Divine. Inside is a great stone courtyard where local pilgrims move quickly to the shrines of the deities.

Here is a shrine to Lord Ganesha, the disarming and loveable elephant-headed first son of Siva and Goddess Parvathi. Hindus love and propitiate Ganesha before undertaking any venture as He is the Remover of Obstacles. "How does He remove them?" we had asked Gurudev earlier. By being wise. He is the personification of Divine Wisdom and the symbol of OM, the universal sound vibration. If Siva is the personification of the unmanifest absolute and Parvathi of the energy or *shakti* which manifests this world, then the very first "child" of their union is sound, the OM, Ganesha.

Next we walk to the inner sanctuary around the center of the court and approach the main deity - Siva along with His second son Subramanya representing the valor and strength of God. Gurudev isn't with us so the priests won't let us "foreigners" into the sanctum sanctorum - the holy of Holies. They think we're tourists, not devotees who have come thousands of miles for this. So we stand outside looking in and they hear us chanting softly to ourselves. One comes and asks for a picture of our Guru. It's a sweet moment. We pass it to him and he treasures it. We walk around the altar and slowly leave, pretty high from the experience, even though He won't let us in - yet.

Outside the temple, the city converges on us quickly again. Sandy-faced kids run to stand near us. A cobra trainer carries his

serpent like a necklace and tries to sell his horns and pipes. Beggars approach. The sky over the beach is magnificent. Great white and grey cumulus clouds with sculpted depths "like a herd of giant elephants", as Valmiki described this same sky in his epic poem *Ramayana*.

DEC 4: Another afternoon a group of us accompanied Gurudev to the small graduate School of Archeology of the University of Tamil Nad in a quiet part of Madras. There, in two small, old buildings, some fifty or sixty young South Indian men and women have gathered with their faculty and dean, Dr. Nagaswamy. They are bringing out the treasures of the ancient and still unsullied Dravidian culture of South India, particularly by studying the architecture and sculpture of the great stone temples of this land. As Dr. Nagaswamy and Gurudev explain: in the construction of these temples is told not only much of the people who made and worshipped in them, but it shows their insights into life and the creation of this whole universe. At one point Gurudev explained, "Each temple is a replica of the entire universe." He told a story which I repeat in my own words as I wrote it down a few minutes later:

How To Build A Temple

There stands today a great temple in the small village of Kandipuram. And this is how it came to be: Once there was a powerful and pious Chola king who was a little proud of his achievements and religiosity. He decided to build the most magnificent temple the land had ever known. So he called on all the best architects and workers and construction was begun.

As the temple neared completion the king set a date for its consecration. He appointed priests to chant the holy *mantrams* into the pure water, which would then be poured over the gold dome and deity, thus charging them and the whole temple with God's presence.

The king sent a special message to God to please come and be present at the consecration of this marvelous temple. He was pretty sure God would come since there had never been another such temple in all the land or even in surrounding lands. The Lord appeared to him in a dream and said, "Probably you should pick another day because I'll be very busy on that one."

"Doing what?" asked the king incredulously.

"At the consecration of another temple," replied the Lord.

The king was stunned to learn that there was a greater temple than his to be consecrated on the same day. "Where is this temple?" he asked.

"In a small village," and the Lord told him which one.

So the king disguised himself and travelled to the village to see this great temple. As he approached he looked about expecting a high edifice towering above the trees. But he couldn't see anything. He asked a villager: "Is there a great temple here?" The man looked at him as if he were crazy or blind.

"No, sir, nothing here."

"Are you sure? I've been told there is a great temple in this village."

"You can see there's no temple here. But why don't you ask the *swami* who lives in a small thatch-

ed hut on the edge of town? He's a holy man and will know about temples and the like."

The king went to the little hut and called to the *swami*. A poor *sadhu* appeared.

"Is there a great temple in this village?" demanded the king. The *swami* shook his head. The king became impatient. "But God has told me a great temple is to be consecrated here on such-and-such a day," insisted the king. The *swami*'s eyes filled with tears. He began to weep with joy for a long time. Then he explained to the Chola king, "I have wanted to build a temple to God for many years. But I am a poor seeker. I have barely enough to eat. So I began to build God a great temple in my mind. Each day I added a stone, carved a pillar or inlaid some marble. And I invited God to come to the consecration on the very day you have mentioned. Now I know that He will truly come to my temple."

The king threw himself down on the ground before the *swami*. "I too have been building a temple to God. But mine has been built with pride while yours is built in the heart with love. May I please construct mine here with you?"

"And that is how the Kandipuram Temple came to be," concluded Sri Gurudev, as he walked to the second building to address the archeology students...

Next issue we'll hear some of Gurudev's fascinating insights into S. Indian religion and culture which he shared that day, as he introduced the pilgrims to the land they were about to explore in a rough, three-day car caravan trip through the villages and temples of South India.

st. francis -and- the wolf



The story you are about to read has been told for hundreds of years and is said to be true...

Many, many years ago there was a wolf that lived near the small Italian village of Gubbio. He was large and fierce, with long, sharp teeth and eyes as cold as the winter winds. The people of Gubbio were very afraid of him, not only because he was so frightening to look at, but also because he had become very, very hungry. The wolf was so hungry that it no longer satisfied him to catch rabbits and other small animals in the fields and forests that surrounded Gubbio.

Filled with hunger, he began to prowl near the gates of town. Soon all the people who went beyond the town gates were attacked by the wolf - even if they carried swords or clubs to protect themselves. Most were able to escape and run home, but some were not. The people knew something had to be done. The whole town was living in terror. No one left the village to work in the fields or to sell their goods in the neighboring cities.

Finally, a meeting was called and the townspeople talked about what they could do. "I will offer a thousand gold pieces to anyone who can kill the wolf!" said a rich man who was losing money because he couldn't sell his cloth out of town. "That's just because you're too much of a coward to fight him yourself!" shouted a poor man. An elderly man said, "Why don't the young people do something? If I were still young I could kill him!"

"Sit down, old fool!" shouted some young people. "What do you know about fighting anything?" Neighbors began fighting with neighbors, brothers fought sisters and children even began yelling at their parents! The meeting ended in bitterness and failure. No one knew what to do.

I Will Go And Meet The Wolf

Now, at the same time, there was a man of God living in this region whom people called "Brother Francis." As a young man he had left the wealth of his parents and turned to a simple life of prayer. He wandered from town to town with a few close companions. To his eyes, the whole world was family

- from the majestic sun that ruled the sky, to the lowliest creature that crept on the earth. It was said that when he spoke even the birds gathered around to listen.

Br. Francis had been quietly staying in Gubbio while all this was going on and had watched the townspeople try to handle the problem of the wolf. When they seemed to reach their wits' end, God prompted him to step in. On the day after the town meeting, he told the people, "I will go and meet the wolf. Maybe something can be done." They pleaded with him not to go. "You don't understand, Br. Francis, the wolf is so terrible that he will eat you in a minute if you go outside the gates! Please stay here!"

But Br. Francis was a person of great faith. He believed that God, who had made the wolf, was certainly more powerful than the wolf could ever be. And so, with utmost faith in God, he told the villagers, "I think I'll be okay. Thanks for your concern." With this he left the villagers who watched in fear and astonishment.

After walking a little way there was a rustling in the underbrush. The wolf bounded with a snarl at the monk, his eyes flaming and his mouth foaming. Still trusting that God was with him, Francis held out his hand in a gesture of peace and firmly commanded the wolf to stop. The people watching gasped as the wolf closed his mouth and sat down. "Come here, Brother Wolf. And in the name of God, I order you not to hurt me or anyone else!" said Br. Francis.

"Brother Wolf, you've been doing some horrible things to these villagers. It's bad enough that you attack other animals so savagely, but lately you have begun to take the lives of people, too!



Now everyone in Gubbio hates you and wants to kill you. And I can understand why!"

All this time the wolf had not moved an inch and was listening timidly to what Br. Francis said.

"I know you have done much of this out of hunger, and I'd like to see peace come between you and the villagers," Francis said in a little gentler voice. "If you promise never to hurt another person or animal as long as you live, I can assure you that no harm will come to you in the village. And I can further promise that the people of Gubbio will provide you with all the food you need. So, Brother Wolf, will you pledge to me now, before God, that you will never hurt another person or animal for the rest of your life?"

Taming The Wolf

The wolf looked up into the saint's eyes, wagged his tail, and then gently laid his paw into the monk's waiting hand as a sign that he would keep the promise.

The villagers who were there stood amazed: Br. Francis had tamed the wolf just by talking to him! "Now friends, let us go back to town and tell the others of the agreement," said the good brother. So with the wolf walking right alongside them, everyone headed back for Gubbio. The spirit of peace was among them as they walked through the gates and on into the village square. There Br. Francis told everyone of the wolf's pledge. The people listened in silence and as the brother finished, all of them heartily agreed to feed and care for the wolf.

Then Br. Francis went on and told the villagers one more thing. "I've been watching you for the past few weeks and now I have a pledge I would like you to take. I see you fighting and hating each other: rich against poor, young against old, neighbor against neighbor. Try to be kinder to one

another and think of God more. Remember that you all come from the same Creator. If you can live in peace, then our brother the wolf will be able to live peacefully among you as well. Perhaps your hatred for each other was so strong that it stirred up a hatred in the wolf, too."

And, just as the wolf had meekly admitted his mistakes, the people of Gubbio now realized that they too had done wrong. So they all agreed to treat each other with more love and kindness from then on.

Then everyone (including the wolf in his own way) joyfully thanked God for sending Br. Francis to them. They sang and danced merrily on into the night.

From that day forward the village of Gubbio was wrapped in peace. The people really began to love each other and live as one family. Everyone honored their promise to feed the wolf who now calmly walked the streets, playing with children and basking in the warm sunlight. And everyone remembered with joy sweet Br. Francis and the way he tamed the wolf and taught them to live together in love and peace.

Om shanthi shanthi shanthi.



Can You Wholly Open Yourself To The Flow Of Life

The following experience is taken from "Shanthi's Story", a chapter from an as yet unpublished book entitled Peace of Mind in Action: The Teachings of Swami Satchidananda, a compendium of stories of some of Sri Gurudev's oldest devotees.

"If you want to become truly humble, a true Yogi, the fastest way is to start doing menial work for others. Don't ever think anybody is lower than you; rather think they are all higher than you. Wash the clothes of your friends and clean the toilets of your neighbors. Go to slum areas and serve in whatever way you can. Do work you would normally shun, and accept no pay for it." -Sri Gurudev

Working with Swamiji, I learned very quickly that he sanctifies the work he involves himself in by his attitude of extreme care and concern. No job is too trivial to be done perfectly, no day so busy that he neglects a single duty. Little by little, I tried to develop this same attitude myself. But during one period I found it

exceptionally difficult.

Something had gone wrong with the septic tank of Swamiji's house, and it was my responsibility to pump the uncovered septic tank dry every day. A new one was being installed, but meanwhile the existing tank had to be pumped dry at least once a day. It was the worst job I'd ever had in the whole four years I'd been his secretary. The work wasn't that demanding physically, but it was so repugnant: I certainly hadn't known I would ever become a plumber! And to make matters even worse, everyday Swamiji wanted to know, "Did you put the pump away? Did you clean the tank? Did you check on the sink?" and so forth. For days I felt sorry for myself. I felt overburdened as it was. Didn't Swamiji realize I had my limits?

Simply There, Enjoying Life

One day, unbelievably, things got worse. The pump didn't work at all, due to sewage which had become clogged in the main hose. The tank was nearly overflowing and I was avoiding going near it. "Where is Swamiji?" I

asked another attendant, thinking I would suggest we call a plumber. "He's out back at the tank," I was told. When I reached the backyard, I could hardly believe what I saw. There was Swamiji standing over the tank cleaning out the foul debris himself. I could barely stand the smell from a hundred yards away. As I came closer, Swamiji's attitude amazed me most of all. He could have been picking flowers or opening a letter; there wasn't the slightest hesitation or dislike in his manner. I stood and watched for several minutes, hardly believing my eyes. He worked with full concentration and honest interest. It wasn't even as though he were holding back a sense of repulsion or dislike. He was simply there, enjoying life!

"How can you wholly open yourself up to the flow of life, to the fullness of the present moment, if you do not have enough control of the mind to fully focus it in the present moment because it is used to running wherever it wants? Many people think they do not want to learn discipline, they think what they want is "freedom." But by disciplining the mind, one never becomes a slave. On the contrary, when the mind is disciplined, you become the master. Then and only then do you have complete freedom, complete independence. -Sri Gurudev

Out of a sense of duty - how could I leave Swamiji there alone? - I forced myself to stay and help him, even though I could hardly help making a few faces and wrinkling my nose against the stench. Seeing this, Swamiji laughed and said, "What's the matter? You don't like it. The same delicious food you make and eat in the kitchen,

only it's been through the body. You love it coming in, but you can't stand it coming out, even though it's the same stuff. It's all part of nature. Why should you get excited and lick your lips one minute and wrinkle your nose a few hours later? Where is the dispassion then? It's only different forms of the same stuff, and all forms are necessary. We should learn to love them all and work with them all with the same joy...



Other disciples of Sri Gurudev are invited and encouraged to send stories and anecdotes of their lessons and experiences with Sri Gurudev and Yoga. It's a real service to share what you have learned with others. Let's share our great wealth! - Ed.

~ Ode To Knees ~

I'm proud of you, knees, I'm really proud -
the way you showed that simpering crowd how to bend and fold with ease
while all the other, weaker knees, stiff with age or lack of care
hung suspended in mid-air.

You got me up, you got me down, and lying flat upon the ground
lay still for hours (or so it seemed), while others tossed and
rolled and teemed - lost in a wild and stormy sea -
but rising above it: you and me!

Oh, there were moments bitter enough
when the going was going really rough;
anxiety mounting along with the pain,
I thought we'd both crack with the strain. But in spite
of your pain and the tears in my eyes, we managed to sit
looking placid and wise.



When panic gripped me with a start - lump in throat
and thump in heart - realizing as I no longer
felt the pain that I might never rise again,
for as the feelings of torment began to ease - then
disappear - so did my knees!

The past passed before me, the good times we'd known:
the streets we'd rambled, the fields we'd roamed; the hills
we'd hiked, the pools we'd swum; the balls we'd chased, the
trees we'd clumb; the chairs we'd sat in, the tubs where we'd
soaked - the thoughts overflowing, I started to choke and sputter
amidst the waves of sorrow. How hopeless seemed my drowning
tomorrow. Eternities passed as I pondered and wondered; what
had I done, how had I blundered; and what could be done
to right the wrong.

Forgetting my pride and the restless throng -
despairing, I looked at you, dead on the rug, and
drawing you up into a hug so warm and tender,
by and by, the life's blood returned to
ankle and thigh; teaching me what I needed to know
(though all along I knew it was so). Knees, what could I
have been thinking of? All you really need is love.

-- Swami Sharadananda Ma



Vegetarian Lasagna

Wholewheat and spinach noodles can be a delicious and nutritious staple in the vegetarian diet. This month Sita Levy shares some variations on an old favorite: lasagna.

General Cooking Notes

*When cooking noodles, add a teaspoon of sesame oil to water to keep noodles from sticking;

*One qt. water is needed for every 8 oz. noodles;

*Cook noodles uncovered for 8-12 minutes or until soft; then drain

and rinse to remove excess starch;

*8 oz. of cooked noodles serves from 3-4 Yogis.

SAUCE #1

2 cups tomato sauce

small bunch broccoli

1/2 cup fresh or frozen peas

1/4 cup chopped cashews

1 green pepper

1/4 lb. mushrooms

spices: garlic, basil, oregano,
onion, parsley, tamari
(use any, all or none)

1 tablespoon honey

1 tablespoon sesame oil

Add all ingredients in a sauce pan.

Cook 10-15 minutes (steam broccoli lightly before adding to sauce).

CHEESE #1

1/2 lb. mozzarella cheese

1/4 lb. romano cheese

1/4 lb. parmesan cheese

grated and mixed together. (Actually any combination of cheese equalling 1 lb. total.)

SAUCE #2

1 butternut squash baked

1 beet grated or chopped and
steamed with the carrots

3 cups chopped carrots steamed until soft

1 cup chopped steamed green pepper
spices: garlic, onion (or bake 2
onions with squash), oregano,
parsley, red pepper

1 tablespoon tamari

1 tablespoon sesame oil

CHEESE #2

1 lb. tofu, chopped

Putting It All Together

In a 9 inch baking dish oiled, place enough noodles to cover the bottom. Spread enough sauce to cover. Top with cheeses or tofu. Repeat ending with the the other cheese (or tofu). Bake at 350° F. for 25-30 minutes. Serve with steamed string beans and salad.

More Letters

(Continued

from Page 3)



too - so the exercise succeeded. I had the lovely experience of seeing all those women sitting up slowly, full of astonished delight to discover that they had succeeded in letting go without the help of drugs or anything but what they already had right inside them.

N.H., Montreal

from an IYIer...

This past issue of *Integral Yoga* was wonderful. The section on Gurudev seems really much more interesting and inspiring. And it adds something wonderful to have real quality poetry. The articles now seem of a nature that I could send the magazine to anyone and that is very useful. The magazine is becoming something that can have wider distribution. It feels very carefully put together and well thought out. It's really a great day when the new magazine arrives out here in IYI land.

J.H., Washington, D.C.

from a Sannyasin disciple to some of the Ashramites...

I was so happy to have spent these few weeks in Sri Gurudev's company because I am so inspired by His freedom of personality, His humor, flexibility and fun-loving nature. How wonderful to be so totally free of rigidity; to have so much awareness of Self - true Self-confidence - and contentment and independence that you can be so totally free to be who you are and to enjoy life to its fullest.

I see how attached I get to Gurudev's form - that's a great weakness of mine. But the great thing about it is how He knows when to cut the string. He knows when to ignore you, when to burn you up, when to pat and hug you - so that the necessary detaching comes when it's necessary.

Take good care, all of you. Laugh at everything: laugh at praise, laugh at blame. Not outwardly, of course. And as our beloved Gurudev says, "Keep high; don't come down."

S.J.M., Santa Barbara, Ca.

from a devotee - probably from all of us - to Sri Gurudev...

Beautiful gift of God - God Himself: how can I say what my heart feels? Feelings and words have such spaces between. The beauty of it is that you know what I'm saying. You know about the feelings that fill the spaces between the words.

I want to be helpful to you, in however small a way it may be, in the beautiful work you do. I have gotten so much. Nothing material can ever repay. I think of what you have done for this country especially and for all the world - to turn the minds around from bewilderment to the beautiful purpose of loving God first, knowing everything else will come. How can society pay its debt? I hope it knows but if it doesn't, I know your good will just go on all the same. C.B., Connecticut

"The blossom vanishes of itself as the fruit grows. So will your lower self vanish as the Divine grows in you."

--Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa

Amma's Story



Sri Gurudev In Spain - Olé!

I'm just back from a ten-day visit to Spain and Belgium with Sri Gurudev, and I must tell you how refreshing it was to witness the blossoming of a new spiritual renaissance there. Spain has produced great saints in the past, but all of one religious denomination. Now the time seems ripe for the birth of some giants of a more universal calibre - free and alive in the Cosmic Christ.

Sri Gurudev was invited to Spain to preside over the 2nd National Congress of Yoga at the invitation of President Jorge Colomer of Barcelona. At the beginning of his visit there were a few mix-ups and things seemed a bit unorganized. But the day before the Congress was to open, Gurudev met with the organizers and said, "It is the sincere devotion and need I feel from the Spanish people at this moment which has called me to Spain. I feel that Barcelona is a very spiritual city." He blessed the forthcoming Congress and expressed his wishes for it to be an example of true Yoga, or coming together, of the various Yoga groups

in the country.

On April 1 the Congress was inaugurated. Sr. Colomer introduced Gurudev with these touching words: "If he (Sri Gurudev) does not say even a word during the entire Congress, it will not matter - because it is his mere presence that we value. For us he is the greatest master of Yoga alive today..."

After a delicious lunch hosted by Maria Teresa Colomer, we paid a surprise visit to an old, old friend of Gurudev's, Karuna Karinakaran - a disciple of Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj. Their friendship dates back to the years when Gurudev was a young monk in Rishikesh where she used to "force" him to eat all kinds of goodies she would prepare especially for him. It seemed to her that he was entirely too "austere." In fact, it was under her tutelage that he was first introduced to Nescafe, Sri Gurudev revealed with a twinkle! It was very moving - and not a little bit comical - to watch them together now, as she continues treating him like a little boy and (with her) he con-

tinues to act like one.

The next morning we showed the films "Living Yoga" and "Y.E.S." What happened when the lights went on at the end is difficult to describe but impossible ever to forget. These films were the first experience anyone present had ever had of Gurudev's work. As the lights came up, the crowd rose as one huge body, like a veritable ocean, and surged forward toward Gurudev. I could only pray to Divine Mother, "Please don't crush him." Everyone seemed to want to shake his hands, bow, touch him, and each one wanted to say something. It wasn't possible for my little mind to take it all in, but I remember hearing, "I never dreamed I would meet a real saint in my life. Now I can die in peace..." "Let me just take a close look at him; can he be for real?" "For the first time I see the spirit of Christ truly expressed!" "This is real ecumenism!" "I can hardly believe things like this are really happening in our world. There is still hope..."

It took a long time to leave the Conference Hall to go to the Dining Hall where a quiet table was arranged for Gurudev's lunch. As he sat down groups of people followed and one table after another was added until it looked like a school with the headmaster (Gurudev) at the head of the table. Hardly anyone ate, least of all Gurudev, because his time was spent in answering questions of all sorts. "What did you experience by climbing Mt. Kailash?" one person asked. "That it was not necessary! But to realize that," Gurudev answered, "I first had to climb it, and while doing it, I was ready to give up my very life in the climbing."

That evening Gurudev closed the

Conference with questions and answers. Answering both experienced Yoga teachers and new students according to their needs, he pointed out that Yoga does not mean looking or acting in a typical Eastern manner, losing one's identity and tradition. Yoga means uniting, integrating. Real Yoga is an attitude. If any custom of the East is helpful to our practices, we can adopt it and blend it into our own customs, thus enriching instead of forgetting our own way. Gurudev was the only speaker of the entire Congress who mentioned and freely quoted Jesus, the Christian saints and the Bible - much to the joy and relief of the Spaniards.

Basque Yogis Of San Sebastian

The next morning, Gurudev was supposed to be flown to San Sebastian, escorted by a group of vivacious Basc Yogis who had been present at the Congress. But due to some last minute complications almost all the "escorting committee" had to fly on ahead, leaving Sri Gurudev and myself at the Barcelona Airport, literally "in the clouds" as to when or even if we would be going anywhere!

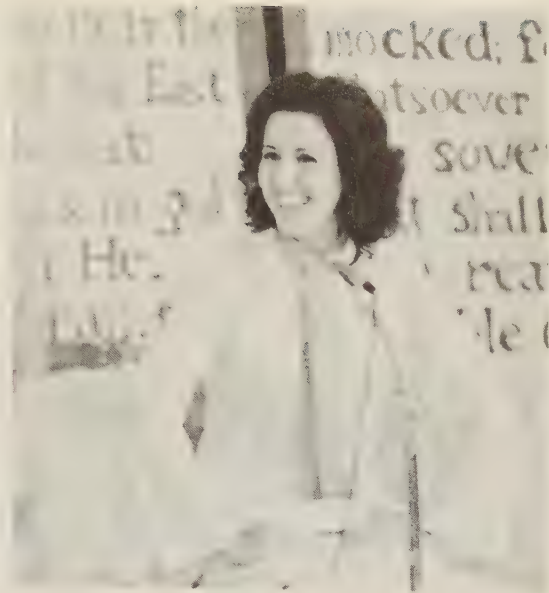
Emilio and Carlos Fiel, organizers and hosts for the San Sebastian visit, stayed behind with Ramon Hernandez, frantically trying to arrange the ticket situation, regretting that Gurudev would miss the grand reception they'd so lovingly planned, complete with music, dancing, serpentines and panderetas which was awaiting him at the San Sebastian Airport. It was a trying time for all - except for you can guess who - who at one moment showed himself as severe, at another exploding into laughter, then again curious, then again furious, then once again exploding into mer-

ry laughter. You know, I wouldn't doubt it if he pulled the strings of the whole show to blow our minds, bring buried emotions to the surface, and in short provoke all the necessary changes for the moment. That Purifying Force which is the Guru swept full speed through what seemed an eternity of intense cleansing - yet in the small span of three wee hours, at the end of which we were all speechless, wide-eyed, open-mouthed - and a few pounds lighter in inner weight.

Arriving finally in the Basque town of Bilbao, we took our respective places in cars and finally drove off toward our destination. A refreshing rain had left the afternoon cool and bright, the dark red earth and luscious greenery conspired with a tickling breeze to give us a most soothing and well deserved welcome!

Origin Unknown, Roots Mysterious

The inhabitants of this region are called the Bascs. Their origin is unknown, the roots of their language mysterious. Living on Spanish soil, they are like a race unto themselves and have conserved their uniqueness throughout the centuries. They have always been known for their deep, enigmatic spirituality and for their flaming temperament. San Sebastian itself is on the northwestern coast of Spain, and many years ago was considered one of the most fashionable summer resorts of the European elite. Kings and queens and the cream of the political, intellectual and artistic worlds would meet on its beaches, discussing the latest world event or latest social scandal - while busy creating the next. Today, on those very same beaches, crowds of young people sit silently in meditation while the sacred chanting of OM filters through the sunshine.



Much of this change is due to the joyful and tireless service of Emilio and Carlos, two young brothers whose shining purity, spontaneity and cheerful dedication are helping pave the way for the spiritual rebirth of their beloved Spain. Emilio and Carlos head the Sadhana Yoga Institute where Gurudev was received by a crowd of students, all dressed in white, waving white banners in the form of lotuses, each with the name of the district they came from.

Once inside, he was received with a most unique entertainment: a boy and girl of no more than three or four performing a very complicated regional dance without the slightest mistake or having even a moment of hesitation. Fully dressed in their regional costumes, they were so self-assured that they looked almost unreal. The dance was followed by exquisite songs by a professional singer, and then, delight of delights, unforgettable Maltilde - a girl who had been sitting at Gurudev's feet at every possible opportunity ever since he arrived at the Congress in Barcelona. She stood up and of-

ferred him a deeply moving song in the Basc language. She sang with all of herself, forgetting herself, without a self. Never before, save perhaps in India, have I ever seen such spontaneous, unreserved trustful giving. For a moment I stopped breathing and so did many others. If what seemed to happen did indeed happen between Matilde and Gurudev, I wouldn't be surprised if she never sees him again - she wouldn't need to...

When the entertainment was over, Gurudev was bombarded by questions. "Why are there evil or dark forces?" one person asked. "Evil is nothing but God," Gurudev answered. "Good and evil are two different approaches, stemming from the same Source which is beyond both." Another question was on how to find the right Guru. One should be very cautious, Gurudev explained. On finding a teacher, one should not hesitate to put him to the test to see whether he is unstable or greedy or affected by gain or loss, happiness and sorrow. If, through your own analyzing, you find he is the embodiment of sacrifice, wisdom and contentment, that to him all things are equal, and if all these conclusions reinforce an undeniable feeling in your heart, then you may take him or her for your chosen Guru.

One day Sri Gurudev took time to visit the Harmony Yoga Group of Maria Teresa and her husband Nicolas. On our leaving their home I felt as if I'd seen a preview of the future in which family units will be teams of servants in and for the Lord.

St. Teresa: Tears And Devotion

Sri Gurudev's public talk in San Sebastian was a memorable occasion. The hall was packed to the brim. At one point he started

giving examples from the Bible and the lives of saints, saying that such people are remembered and worshipped all over the world, while people with only worldly accomplishments are soon forgotten. He then mentioned the great St. Teresa of Avila. At the mere mention of her name, all over the hall hands grabbed for handkerchiefs to dab at the tears flowing equally from the eyes of men and women. At the end Gurudev said he had seldom been so moved by such sincere devotion and response to the call of the Spirit. In fact, he said, he felt he himself had been born in San Sebastian.

When we attempted to leave the hall, it was almost impossible. The crowd tightened around Gurudev so we could hardly move. I watched the incredible scene of smiles and tears and outstretched arms that pulled at him to kiss and touch him. It seemed we were again about to be smothered, so I stretched both my arms around him like a fence and said to Divine Mother, "Please do two things: one, make me invisible so as not to offend these dear souls, and two, get Gurudev out of here quickly and in one piece."

At that very moment I heard a woman saying to her husband beside me: "Don't be shy, you can hug him too. You have come so close, you might as well try." The man replied, "No. I touched his garment and that is enough for me." The next thing I knew we were sitting in the car and on the way home. I looked at Gurudev. He was quietly sitting like a huge piece of shining gold!

The next morning a large crowd was waiting at the Airport. The visit was over. It seemed we'd



Sri Gurudev with Emilio Fiel, Sadhana Yoga Center of San Sebastian

been there a lifetime. Each person came to greet Gurudev with offerings of sweets, carnations, more sweets and more carnations. (Teresa of Avila's favorite flower - coincidence?) Matilde was there of course, and at a certain moment she took a chain from her neck and asked Gurudev to bless it. And that was it - suddenly they all began taking off watches, bracelets, pins, necklaces, bobby pins, safety pins, rings The shower of objects was so overwhelming that Gurudev requested one person to collect everything for him to bless all at once. When the objects were collected, it looked like a pirate's rich booty.

The Land Of Legalized Hippies

next stop, Ibiza. Ibiza is a small island in the Mediterranean. In the past ten years it has become known to tourists, but before that it had been a sort of mythological place with legends of worship to a Goddess which even today is believed to live in a cave in

the hills. Now the island has become the center of an ever-growing community of non-conformists from all over the world. Officially accepted as "legalized hippies," they try to live with as few possessions as possible and are eagerly trying to become an ideal society. They make it a point to be as individualistic as possible; no one seems to believe in any sort of leadership or central focus. The result: things are a bit unorganized...

Gurudev arrived at the airport, his welcoming committee composed of flowers, colorful and varied attires on children, teenagers and adults of all races and nations. We were in Spain but we heard that tongue the least, it seemed. The people were lovely and filled with love. Vishnu Ivan Rasmussen, at whose insistant invitation Gurudev had come, escorted Gurudev to his hotel.

At his public talk in a big geodesic dome of the "Cantirurit" community, Gurudev said he had heard of Ibiza before, but only as a

place where youngsters gathered to smoke dope. But now, the very fact they had invited him and other spiritual teachers indicated that probably the place was changing and higher needs were being expressed. Someone asked, "Since you say that the paths to realize the Truth are many, do you consider Yoga the best?" Gurudev: "One can realize the Truth through many ways, but Yoga itself is that Truth."

Next morning there was a lovely breakfast *satsang* with some disciples of Bhagavan Rajneesh. In the afternoon was a big fiesta with dancing, singing and music. Gurudev took it all in with love, kindness and deep satisfaction. There is much more I could tell you about Gurudev' loving impact on the people of Ibiza, but why don't I let the *ibicencos* (*Ibizans*) speak for themselves? Here are a few excerpts from the Ibiza Daily Newspaper:

"I was overtaken by admiration and respect. After I had somewhat controlled the indefinable sensations which overwhelmed me, we began to talk. His answers to my questions were slow and filled with poise, matching perfectly the depth of his eyes and the complete serenity that seemed to breathe in and out of his whole being..." Another one: "Now that Swami Satchidananda has gone back to America, maybe it is time for us to remember the importance and meaning of his short but plentiful stay. Something great came to light, something alive and very profound. Something that, in some more and in others less, has awakened ideas, questions and a certain restlessness..."

I Have No Personality Of My Own

We left Spain early on the morning of April 8. We boarded a plane,

it's destination: Belgium, where Gurudev was to be the guest of the Yoga and Vedanta Center in Antwerpen. There were no programs scheduled there as Gurudev went mainly to assist some of his beloved children in some personal matters. The Belgian Yogis were delighted to have him all to themselves in two intimate *satsangs*.

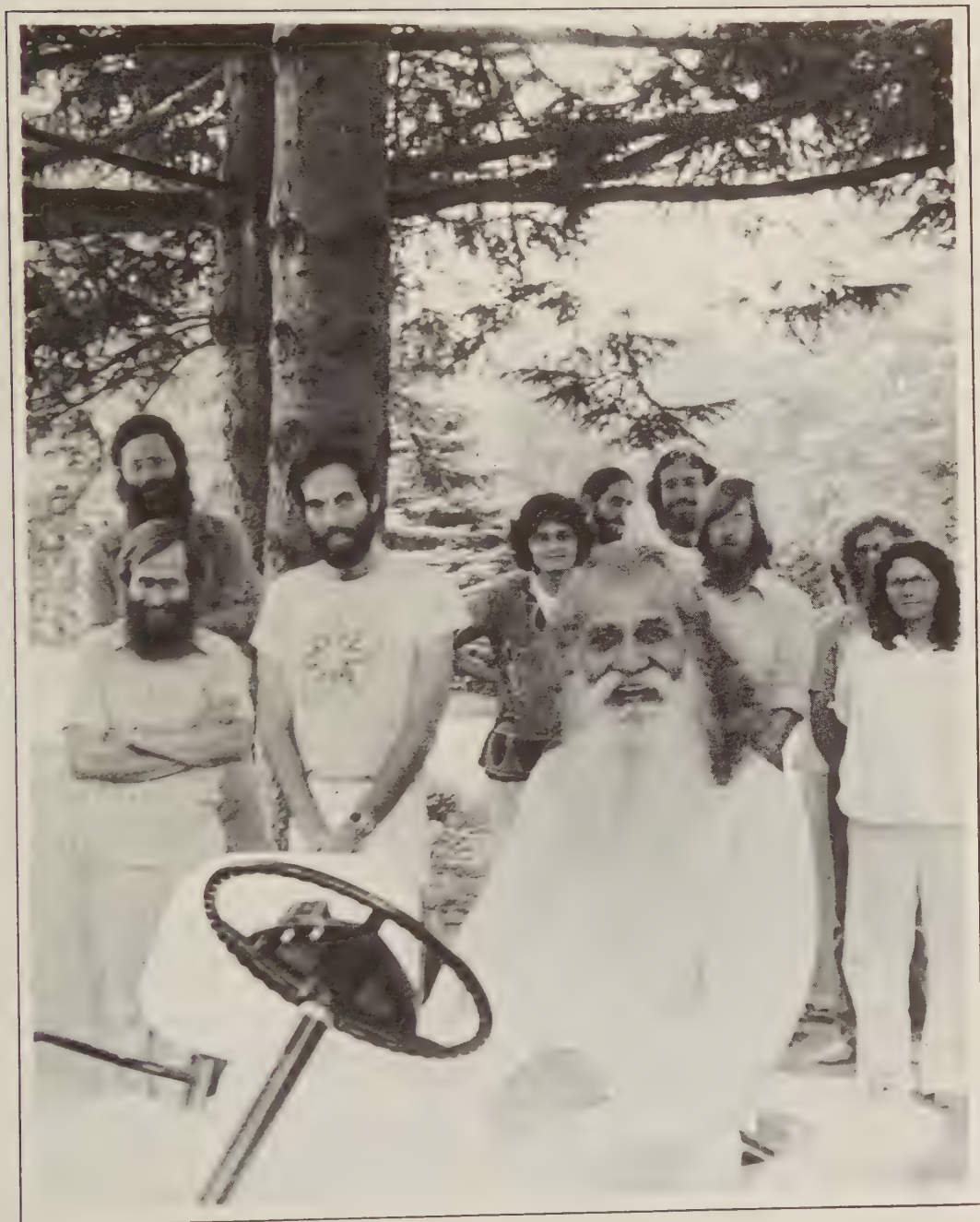
It was a whim of destiny that this twelve-day trip consisted of a rapid succession of the most contrasting circumstances and situations, some of which I have not been able to write of due to their confidential nature. But through all the changes, seen and unseen, Gurudev did not pass a single judgement in word or action toward anyone, and instead radiated good humor and serenity at all times.

I have travelled with Gurudev and worked for him for eight years, and although I had seen these qualities in him, I had never before experienced them all at once, changing from moment to moment at what seemed the speed of light! The message it gave me: equanimity and elasticity of mind is Yoga.

As our plane flew toward America I thought to myself, "How can I ever be of real use if I don't possess these qualities myself? And how can I possess them totally?" In a few moments we would be landing in Connecticut. Gurudev, perhaps sensing the nostalgia which creeps into my heart when one of these intense learning trips comes to an end, signaled me to sit next to him. I took advantage of the opportunity to thank him and to expose my question. He was leaning back on his seat and turning his head toward me, said ever so softly: "You see, Amma, I have no personality of my own. And when you are nobody, then it is easy to become anybody or everybody in answer to the need of the moment."

DAY-BY-DAY WITH SRI GURUDEV

May – June 1978



The following story chronicles a new kind of Yoga retreat, where there is not just talk of religious unity, but actual practice of the techniques of various traditions, plus incidents of Sri Gurudev's never-ending play of loving service, including his opening the New York Integral Health Services, a visit with columnist Devi Dasi in Florida and questions and answers from the annual June Newport retreat.

MONTREAL: Experiencing Ecumenism

MAY 19-22: Last summer Gurudev and several of the celebrants from the first Yoga Ecumenical Service (YES) had an informal discussion under the trees at the Ashram. Gurudev suggested that next time we plan an ecumenical event, we should not just talk about unity but we should actually use the different traditional practices of the religions to help us experience ecumenism. It was this concept which inspired the Montreal Ecumenical Retreat this May.

On the first day Fr. Robert Vachon spoke about his Intercultural Monchanin Center in Montreal and about how his life in a Hindu ashram allowed him to discover that each religion has dimensions which, together, form the total Christ.

In the afternoon, Junayd Galien, founder of the Montreal Sufi Order, led Sufi dancings. We were almost as un-coordinated as we were enthusiastic! In the evening he spoke on Sufism's universal outlook and summed it up thus: "Illumination is the only goal of human life..."

We were fortunate to have a Native American participate in the retreat. Tom Portor of the Mohawk Tribe spoke of the Longhouse tradition. He lighted some ceremonial sweet grass as incense and explained how when the smoke goes up it carries our thoughts and prayers to God and He listens through the smoke. He shared teachings of his grandmother, the spiritual ma-

triarch of his tribe and, at one point, said that at any very solemn ceremony, someone should stand up and tell a few jokes so people don't take themselves too seriously! Many of us cried during his sharing. It wasn't that he said anything sad, but he spoke from the heart and our hearts responded.

In the afternoon we had a trilingual varied *sadhana*! The Geshe Lama Khenrab Gajam, head of the Tibetan Cultural Center near Montreal, spoke in Tibetan, which his translator then put into English from which I translated into French. Then he led us in Tibetan prayer chanting.

That evening Rabbi Shlomo Carlbach was our guest "speaker." Actually he was more of a guest singer, sharing the Hassidic tradition of the Jewish faith through exuberant, joyous song. Before long the retreatants were dancing in big circles around Shlomo (it seems we're much better at this kind of spontaneous, unstructured dancing). All this, and Sri Gurudev still to join us... -Sr. Narani, Montreal

It was a mad dash to the airport where Gurudev and I arrived just three minutes before takeoff. We were met in Montreal by IYI director Gopal Bello and a few devotees; most of the IYI family was at their retreat site north of the city, where their retreat was in progress.

We were driven directly to the home of long-time devotee Prema



Tri-lingual
varied sadhana:
Tibetan/English/French
with Lama Khenrab Gajam

and her husband Venugopalan, where we partook of a delicious South Indian meal. After visiting with Prema and family, Gurudev was taken to stay at the apartment of Sandy Mills, a friend of the Montreal IYI.

The following day dawned sunny and warm. Gurudev was driven to the Notre Dame campsite where he was ushered in to participate in a panel discussion with the other religious teachers. Each spoke briefly on his own approach to spirituality, within the framework of his own heritage.

After a short break, a very simple and beautiful ecumenical service took place, based on the model set by the All-Faiths' Day Service at Yogaville East last July. In a way I felt this one was even more moving because of the more intimate atmosphere of having only about a hundred people.

Most remarkable was the harmony felt between the French and English speaking retreatants.

Quebec is passing through a period of great political strife and there is a lot of hostility between the French and English Canadians. This retreat was completely bi-lingual and our own young Sr. Narani did a remarkable job of translating--even her

singing translation of the rabbi's songs - as he sang them! - flowed beautifully.

I was told that many people had called the IYI before the retreat, asking to attend only the parts where the speaker would be speaking their language. The staff gently but firmly insisted that the retreat was ecumenical in every sense and that they could come only if sincerely interested in participating in all the activities. It was a joy to feel the love and harmony here, completely melting barriers of language or politics.

That afternoon Gurudev spoke on how life is a big play. We have superficial roles but behind them we are all spiritual brothers and sisters. Everything is God and all we see and know around us as the diversity are just different expressions of that same one God. He stressed the importance of keeping our minds clean and free from distortions, so we can experience the true Self. Only by knowing that Self can we follow the Biblical injunction to "Love your neighbor as your Self." "How can you if you don't even know who your Self is?" questioned Gurudev.

Gurudev also addressed himself to the political turmoil in Quebec over language, but in a

very light way, with the detachment of his spiritual insight: "In a drama, you see fights, weddings, births, deaths. Are they real? No, it's all drama. When there is a fight onstage it should look real, but neither the hitter nor the hit is hurt. In the same way, we can fight for fun: 'Quebec is mine, Toronto is yours!' But don't forget that the other fellow is your own spiritual brother. Then life

becomes fun. When you forget, every minute you face difficulties."

As the talk progressed, the audience broke into laughter several times as Sr. Narani struggled vainly to translate the famous puns of Gurudev! Of course, the more she struggled, the more Gurudev punned until everyone, including Narani, was engulfed in loving laughter.

-Lalitananda Mataji, Pomfret

POMFRET: Wholistic Health Workshop

MAY 20: This weekend the Ashram, in conjunction with our Integral Health Services Clinic, held its first Wholistic Health Workshop. It was the most enthusiastically received of any recent program, and well over a hundred people (60 more were turned away) enjoyed talks and workshops with the IHS doctors, nutritionists, massage therapists and counselors. After so many lectures, Sri Gurudev's spiritual conclusion: "The real cause of all disease is an uncontrolled mind..." Such a mind makes the body accumulate toxins, affect-

ing the heart, internal organs and the whole state of health, he went on to explain.

After speaking for some time on individual health, Gurudev broadened the perspective and began to speak of the health of our society. Prostitution, pornography and cigarette and alcohol addiction were some of the society's diseases which came under his attack. *(For some of his exact words, see the following report about the United Nations.)*

-Vidyananda Ma, Pomfret Ctr.

NEW YORK: Gurudev Urges Nuclear Disarmament At UN

After careful consideration of the political issues surrounding the use of nuclear power, Sri Gurudev stepped forward on May 26 to join top ecumenical leaders at the U.N. protesting the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Literally thousands of Clergy and Laity Concerned from all traditions met in NYC Friday for an ecumenical service and march to the U.N. Gurudev was among the seven of that large assembly chosen to represent all clerics and lay people concerned for world peace. Meeting in the Office of the Pres-

ident of the Special Session on Disarmament, Gurudev spoke quietly bringing with him the peace he shares by his very presence.

"You are the people making decisions," he said. "We know that and we're leaving it in your hands. This is what we say - that we don't want to kill each other."

Some months before Fr. Paul Mayer who organized this event had written Gurudev for his signature to protest nuclear arms, especially plutonium, which even for test purposes has devastating effects on the environment. Since he was

still considering the possible peaceful uses of nuclear energy, Gurudev did not immediately sign, but after some research, agreed not only to sign but to join the other leaders in their peace efforts.

In NYC Gurudev met with leaders of Buddhist, Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, American Indian and other traditions in a joint ecumenical service at the Church of the Apostle on 59th St. During the service Gurudev spoke extemporaneously and then led the some 3,000 people in "Om Shanthi" peace chanting.

After the service about 2,000 marched peacefully in religious garb from the city's West Side across seamy 42nd St. to the U.N. on the East Side. Representing the assembly there would be Zen priest, Most Ven. Yushin Hosoi, Abbot of the Kyoto Ryuhonj Temple in Japan; Most Reverend Bishop Bazzazi, Rome; Rabbi Marc Tannenbaum; Dr. Richard Deats, President of Pax Cristi International and Kathy Deats, Director of Interfaith Activities, Fellowship of Reconciliation; and Sri Gurudev.

These leaders met with U.N. President of the Special Session. It was a calm and probably historic meeting in which these leaders suggested a healthier step toward directing world affairs. "We simply want to say we're in support of life," said Dr. Deats., "and we don't want to have killing on the planet."

Replied Special Session President: "I've heard what you have said and I'll take it into the General Assembly." Whether representatives of the U.N. will embrace this attitude and bring it to their home governments with any effect is still unknown. But cer-

tainly contact was made; communication was clear and something had begun. The activities of the Clergy and Laity Concerned cannot be quickly dismissed. As a group they were influential in swinging public opinion against the Vietnam War.

Gurudev's stand, along with his remarks during a *satsang* at the Wholistic Health Weekend at Satchidananda Ashram, may indicate a new period of more community involvement for his followers. During the *satsang* he urged listeners to take more personal responsibility for their own communities, to take a stand for useful causes and to work toward changing unjust and unkind practices in society.

"There should be a lot of agitation against society's diseases," he said, noting among them the use of children for pornography and the seduction of young women into prostitution in U.S. cities. "It's time for us to wake up and think about these things," he continued. "Let us clean our country. Let it begin with ourselves, our families, our towns, and then let it spread out. Take a little responsibility on your shoulders. Do something wherever you can."

At one time Gurudev's students were perhaps prematurely active before finding their own peace. He urged them to find that themselves before going out into the fray in the world. Now he appears to be showing by his own example that it may again be time to personally take a stand for what is right and useful in this world - without sacrificing the inner peace without which we can be of no use to anyone.

-P. Mandelkorn, New York

*Auspicious beginning
for the NY Integral
Health Services:
Sri Gurudev with
psychologist Karuna
and massage therapist
Chaitanya*



NEW YORK: Wholistic Health Center

MAY 26: During Sri Gurudev's last visit to New York he had suggested that his apartment be moved to an unused area at the top of the IYI building, thus leaving the entire 4th floor free for the new Wholistic Health Center to be patterned after the very successful IHS in Connecticut. So, when it became known that Gurudev would be in NYC for a protest march (!) it seemed the perfect time for two more things: the opening of the new clinic and the readying of Gurudev's new apartment.

Arriving late in the afternoon, Gurudev went directly up to his freshly renovated apartment. The Clinic rooms, also having been feverishly whipped into beautiful form for the occasion, were ready for the opening that night. Its head, Karuna Thompson, opened the ceremonies with a light-waving (*arathi*) and then shared how she had been inspired to begin the clinic. When she accompanied Gurudev to India last year and saw "the mountains meditating, the clouds praying and the river remembering...", she felt her consciousness being stretched. Then

when she saw Mother Teresa and her nuns in Calcutta trying to relieve the poor and dying, we was greatly inspired to serve Gurudev through a health clinic.

Chaitanya Dubitsky then came forward to express how happy he was to work with Karuna, and how they had both been "street kids" and drug users fifteen years ago. And now, by the grace of the Guru, they were both going to be doing this constructive work. We were all very touched by his words. Gurudev said that when God makes "the dumb man eloquent and the cripple cross mountains" then we know positively that it is God working through them. If someone we know is competent does something well - such as Niranjana painting a picture - we won't be surprised. But "If I painted the picture, that would really be something!" He went on to say that he was the best example he knew of someone raised above the ordinary self by the Unseen Hand.

He ended by saying to Karuna, "May God be your patient... may God be the doctor."

-Abhayananda Ma, New York

The crest-jewels of all scriptures
Serve to adorn the Supreme One;
He is the Sun with His rays of Light,
He opens the Lotus of Truth.



Dedicated to our revered Gurudev
on His 64th Jayanthi (birthday)
and to the unfolding of His dream:

the
L.O.T.U.S.

(Light Of Truth Universal Shrine)

MOST BELOVED
❖ SRI GURUDEV ❖
IN JOYFUL CELEBRATION
OF YOUR 64TH
❖ JAYANTHI ❖

OM SHANTHI

YOUR CHILDREN IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

The World's a Beautiful Reflection



*Of Your Sweet Perfection
with deepest love and gratitude
Your Bostonians*